

THE BYSTANDER



Bright and early this morning Honolulu woke up and went through its stocking. The little birds that broke out into carols when the sun rose over Diamond Head, scattered around for their Christmas breakfast immediately after the carol, in the course of their seeking taking birdseye views of awakening humans. They report the following Christmas presents received:

Governor Frear—A "Love-One-Another" Christmas card, marked Kuhio, and a fresh batch of resignations.

Secretary Mott-Smith—Commissions for three new jobs without pay and a fresh outbreak of typhoid in Hamakua.

Charley Hemenway—Love from Mary Atcherley and his bill of incidental expenses O. K'd without question.

Lorrie Andrews—Two hundred and thirty-seven applications for jobs from life-long Republicans and a pair of high-heeled French slippers.

Colonel Jones—A bottle of anti-fat and a year's subscription to "The Home Guard's Journal."

D. L. Conkling—A pair of wings, the real angel kind.

Marston Campbell—Compliments from Nuuanu Dam Patterson and a vote of thanks from the Kaimuki improvement club for the new reservoir.

Chief Justice Hartwell—The latest song, "Birds in their little nest agree, and when they don't, get out, you see."

R. W. Breckons—Season's greetings from Thwing.

Judge Dole—A conferee who doesn't do all the talking.

U. S. Marshal Hendry—Bottle of buttermilk and a conceave mirror for use in shoe-shining.

Superintendent Babbitt—The opportunity to speak his mind for the first time in five years and an honorary membership in the W. C. T. U. for his good anti-cigarette example to the children.

Claudius McBride—Room to spread himself.

Henry Hapai—A new system of keeping books, with thirteen columns in red.

A. G. M. Robertson—Frear's cordial endorsement and a testimonial from Palama Rath.

Robbins Anderson—A tip to measure himself for the ermine and a suggestion that he pose some place for the public to get a chance to see what he looks like.

Judge De Bolt—A black-hand letter, marked "nothing doing!"

Consul Pfotenbauer—Relief from a carbuncle.

Sheriff Jarrett—A new Chief of Detectives.

Joe Leal—A box of face powder (blanc) and a testimonial from a Jand Grury.

Willie Crawford—A job in the county attorney's office.

Gilson Bell—Some more mining stock.

Walter Drake—A bottle of moonshine and a patent still.

W. R. Castle—A cablegram from Woolley that the Hawaii prohibition bill had passed sixteen hundred to twenty-three.

Kuhio—A letter of thanks from the Governor and an admission that the half had not been told.

Palama Rath—Something nice from Alex. Robertson.

W. A. Kinney, for the Bar Association—A lemon.

Mayor Fern—A Republican endorsement for renomination and a suggestion from Paole that more money was needed for the Waikane roads.

G. J. Waller—A telegram from Dr. Cook that he had found a Reorganized Mormon colony at the North Pole.

Fred Waldron—Tourists spending three million a year and complaining at the cheapness of things.

Johany Martin—An order on the brewery for Christmas beer for his friends on the reef.

Sonny Cunha—A pair of new shape corsets.

Joe Cohen—Standing room only sign and free space in the newspapers.

A. J. Campbell—An order to go back for more Portuguese.

W. R. Stackable—Permission to board any and all steamers and a bunch of opium tips.

Captain Berger—A tin horn from Aylett.

Jim Quinn—A sixty-mile-an-hour speed limit and minimum hack rates left in the chauffeur.

Jack Doyle—Three openwork Nile green socks, real silk.

W. R. Farrington—The glor-r-r-ious Stars and Stripes and a pass to the Coast.

Link McCandless—Another kuleana.

Admiral Bees—A procession of warships firing salutes to the two-star flag and first prize for a poem.

Walter Dillingham—A dredger that works automatically and another federal contract.

Colonel Schuyler—Brigadier-General straps.

Major Dunning—A legitimate test-ride excuse.

J. P. Cooke—A ticket for the Malihini Christmas Tree.

Dr. C. B. Wood—Three shiny knives and the prospect of an operation.

Chief McDuffie—Can of gasoline from Joe Leal.

W. J. Cooper—A regular reader of his weekly letters.

Harry Lake—A real clue.

Sergeant Barry—Letter of thanks from the Mikado for services rendered.

A. M. Brown—Small package tied with green string—broken.

Captain Baker—Perfumed note.

Professor Gilmore—Halley's comet on a string.

Dr. O'Day—Profuse apologies from the medical association and a ticket in the Queen's Hospital.

Supervisor Aylett—A bright idea.

Fred Makino—Position in R. D. Mead's office.

W. P. Fennell—Blind pig with spectacles.

Fred Steere—Something new in carburetors.

U. Osborne—A ready letter writer; also a sign, "Do it now."

W. O. Smith—Governor Cleghorn's compliments, and will he please get a few of those Porto Ricans for Ainahau!

Kenneth Brown—A letter from Alexander Hume Ford.

Elena Low—Someone who believes his Ocean Island crab story.

George Lycurgus—A new menu tariff—revised upward, with Sunday Privileges.

John Hughes—A promise of the Liquor Dealers' support.

Notie—The good old times back again.

Postmaster Pratt—Another chance.

Anne Marie Prescott—Offer of a position on the London Times.

Admiral Almy—A gold brick.

gentlemen at Foot of Stairs—Greatest difficulty get here 't all. P'got another you told me 't have two drinks 't come home at eleven, or eleven drinks 't come home at two.—The Sketch.

Visiting Relative—How aristocratic your father looks with all that gray hair. Naughty Son—Yes; and he's got me to thank for it, too!—Pack.

SIDELIGHTS

THE MALIHINI CHRISTMAS TREE.

After you have been awakened by the breaking of day this morning, and witnessed the delights incident to the distribution of gifts, and have pondered a sufficient length of time on ways and means for the payment of bills, drive dull care away and take in the Malihini Christmas tree.

Don't condemn the ceremony as tommy-rot and misplaced charity until you have observed it closely, and when you go there do not pay too much attention to the ornaments on the tree, or give too much reflection to the cost thereof. Watch the youngsters. Some of them will be all toggled out by fond mothers, and taken in hand by proud fathers; some barefooted and ragged and onattended and uncared for. But as, one by one, they reach in line the tree, and receive their gifts from the good old children's patron saint, the childish countenances will light up, and the bright eyes will glisten in such a way as to do your heart good and convince you that there is such a thing as a Merry Christmas, after all.

Perhaps the end of the day will have witnessed the breaking of a large number of the tariff-protected doll heads; perhaps there may be billiousness from the candy; probably some youngsters got into line who had been well provided for at home. But when the shades of night approach, many a little girl will fall asleep cuddling the doll, even though its head be not intact, and many a tired little fellow dream fondly of the pleasure of playing with his simple, cheap toy. And if you have subscribed, you will know that your money has been well spent; if you haven't, you probably will next year.

And right here, I have a suggestion to make. Like the remainder of my sex, I am ever ready to offer advice, and that advice, like all feminine advice, is ever good. That suggestion is that the Christmas tree be made a permanent institution, and that we do not wait until a week before to make the necessary financial arrangements. Let The Advertiser, which is largely responsible for this year's celebration, assume power—assumptions thereof by less influential instrumentalities have often been made—and appoint a committee to accomplish that same perpetuation. Put five or six citizens on the committee—a haole, and a Hawaiian, and a Portuguese, and a Chinese, and a Japanese, and, perchance, a cosmopolitan. Indeed, I have in mind names of gentlemen who (not "whom") I am sure would act. And about every three months let them arrange some entertainment, with admission fee charged. I am sure the Exalted Ruler of the Elks and the Illustrious Potentate of the Shrine would gladly and grotesquely arrange a baseball game to roll up runs and gate receipts, at least once a year, in the good cause. And likewise am I sure that an appeal to some of the society leaders would bring forth a welcome lot of patronesses for a swell money-making charity ball, say on the eve of Thanksgiving day. And the amateur actresses and actors may easily be impressed—or, if too coy, modest or mercenary, a football game might be substituted—the suggested change, of course, not being intended as any reflection on local theatrical talent.

And a championship game of baseball amongst the amateur teams, proceeds to be devoted to the committee for Christmas tree purposes, would be a winner. And, should it be proposed to play that same game on Sunday, for profitable reasons, I have figured out, in some vague, unexplainable, undemonstrable, but to me perfectly satisfactory manner, that He, who said "Suffer little children to come unto me," and gently and kindly, but firmly, refused to rebuke those who saved the poor man's ox, and chided not His disciples for an apparent violation of the fourth commandment, might, on judgment day, overlook the calendar, and the fact that the game was played on the seventh day of the week.

And let us not change the name "Malihini," for the festival was established by malihinis' but make it as permanent as the celebration itself. And on each Christmas tree let us keep a branch or two undecorated—if that be a proper word—so that if any big-hearted, wealthy tourist—and we are getting plenty of them—wants to do some trimming, the opportunity will be afforded. Long life to the Malihini Christmas tree.

IT IS A GOOD LAW.

Don't go to the judiciary building unless you have to. Choose preferably the Magoon block in Kakaako, or the Theodore Richards camp in Kalihi, or the immigration station on the arrival of a bunch of Campbell Portuguese. For in this same historic edifice evils and dangers which make the Arabian Nights' demons and dragons strongly resemble angels, await you. The wire-encased tax office reminds you that some things are inevitable, the United States marshal's retreat that some are undesirable, and the noise and confusion and dust and dirt and lawyers and witnesses, that life is not one long, sweet dream.

But if you have to go—aren't we dragged there, we'll say, to prove in a divorce suit that a neighbor interpreted and converted the marriage certificate into a license, for the purpose of household discipline, to throw plates and stove lids, and other loving missiles at his wife—while waiting, by all means get hold of some of Clerk Murphy's bankruptcy records. Of course, they are all sad. Written between the lines are stories of poor speculations, and doctors' bills, and general bad luck, and perhaps mismanagement, and hounding creditors.

You will find, too, some things which will make you think better of mankind, for some of the applicants for a financial restoration and resurrection really part with the luxuries of life to enrich, to the tune of about a half of one per cent., after payment of costs, the coffers of their avaricious foes. One man turns in seven hats—value \$10.00, he says—all his lingerie, denominated by him underwear—several suits of tailor-made clothes, and half a dozen pairs of shoes—whether patched or polished not specified. Another, so dependent that he no longer even cares to keep track of time, donates his Ingersoll dollar watch to the fund. Not a few contributions of mining stock, and some of the Maui Sugar Company, with but a few unpaid assessments, are found.

But you will later see that the law is a good one, and has most admirably assisted the downtrodden debtor for whom you were prepared to shed tears of pity. For when you have finally told in court the difficulties and physical exertion of your friend in dodging the connubial compliments hereinbefore referred to, and she has come forth the proud and happy possessor of a partially-written and partially-printed statement to the effect that the well-intentioned actions of the husband are not approved and the holy bonds of matrimony are now pau, do not keep your eyes cast down for fear of encountering the hero who gave up his clothing. If you do run across him, you will find that he will bear the inspection of any modest woman. His seven-for-ten-dollars hats which the trustee in bankruptcy may have had trouble in disposing of, have miraculously been replaced by Panamas and Knox's and Stetson's, and silks. Relieved of the burden of debt which had slowly been dragging the life out of him, four-dollar neckties and custom-made shirts and clothes which plainly are not hand-me-downs, and patent leather shoes, and other small luxuries, have become his portion.

And neither need you carry your modest watch in your hand to help out the Ingersoll man. For him likewise have the clouds rolled by, and upon him likewise has fortune smiled. If you do see him, you may have to hurry to get out of his way, but a great cloud will be lifted from your soul when you realize that the sacrificed watch has been replaced by an automobile clock, with all the accompanying trimmings.

As for the man with the stock, he has probably left for new fields—if still here, relieved of the ineubus, is prospering. Perhaps some of the creditors bought the hats and shoes and watch and are wearing them, and have used the stock for lighting the fire some morning when the help was on a strike because their pay was a little slow in coming. But it is a good law just the same.

Even Mrs. Atcherley, after getting rid of a two days' board bill for the doctor at the Magoon building, and rightly beating the sharks of the law out of some \$3000 for services rendered no doubt, but certainly unsuccessful, is able to take first-class passage with her family to England.

May I repeat—it is a good law.

DON'T KICK TODAY.

The City and County of Honolulu—I believe that in the legal designation—and the various public utility corporations, would get rich if they could or would cut off the use of red lights—not those referred to in the metropolitan press—and the incident heretofore. Perhaps the county, or the telephone company, or the electric light company, or the gas company, or the rapid transit company, may pay the bill, but it must be a heavy one. For all the cities I have ever seen, Honolulu is a four-time winner when it comes to tearing up streets. Like the measles, the habit is catching; unlike that children's joy, it comes more than once. Just now the complaint is being built. When that is finished and the streets put in repair, a truthful disposition will not permit me to use the adjective "good," you may rest assured that something else will turn up, a new water main, or a double-track street-car system, or something to require more repairs. In consequence of all of which, with all of her

Lone Observer's Observations

The chronicler of the thoughts and actions of the Lone Observer yesterday took occasion to drop into his sanctum sanctorum, a privilege which he is happy to enjoy, and found the little man just closing up a volume of Maeterlinck. The room was dusty and close, but there was an extra fold of the blind open, and the Lone Observer, when asked why, laconically said "Christmas." Then the Lone Observer went out on the street to meet the Sky Pilot and imbibe the Christmas spirit as diffused by a Honolulu crowd on Christmas Eve.

The chronicler stayed behind a moment and opened the volume. The passage he first saw read something like this:

The Woman—There is Dust in the corner.

The Man—I feel the gloom of many ages carried on the wind, and the Dust is a part thereof. Whence comes it?

The Woman—Who can read the riddles left by generations?

Even as the Dust lies in the corner, lies —

This was too much for the chronicler, and he hastened after the Lone Observer. The latter was turning the corner of Fort and King streets, when a blooming young society belle spied him and effused herself over him. "Oh, I do love Christmas so!" she said. "You have the sentiment wrong," said the Lone Observer, mildly. "It is written that it should be Christmas love and not love Christmas. Is there any Dust on your soul?" "Well, I'll be jiggered," said the effusive young society belle.

The Lone Observer looked at her sadly and escaped through the crowd. At the regular place of appointment he met the Sky Pilot. The latter had his watch in his hand and anxiously asked the Lone Observer what particular part of the town he was going to visit. "I'm hunting for Dust on somebody's soul," said the little man. The Sky Pilot hastily began to dust the lapel of his coat. "That's not your soul," said the Lone Observer, mildly remonstrant.

"How long will we be," asked the Sky Pilot with a pucker on his forehead, caused by a thought of his dinner engagement. But the Lone Observer was trotting toward Beretania avenue, and his companion, out of necessity, trotted after.

The Lone Observer has always had a deep affection for the races that antedate the American constitution by about five thousand years, and is naturally around the Chinese quarters nine-tenths of the time. He started his tour there yesterday, but paid no attention to the floors, to the walls or to the cooking places, but sat beside those who live in the tenements and talked with them.

There was in the first room an old friend of the Lone Observer, six years out of China and three months in the mysteries of the Christian Religion. She was a pake mother with three small children, who continually sat on the edge of the rain barrel and dabbled their feet in the water. Had there been but one child, the mother would have been worried, for there would have been none to pull him out. Her six years out of China backed by her twenty years in China overlapped her three months' experience with the Holy Ghost. The result was rather startling and her conception of the Holy Ghost took the proportions and form of a sofa pillow, owing to a reproduction she had seen in a cheap print.

She stitched the Holy Ghost out in seven colors on a piece of Chinese cloth and hung it over the door to keep out devils. The Lone Observer sat on a chair and began to hunt for Dust on her soul, while her children sat about him in an admiring circle and caught pieces of candy.

"How are you going to spend Christmas?" asked the Lone Observer, giving the high sign to the Sky Pilot not to interrupt her primitive chain of thought. The mother took five minutes to figure it all out. "Malihini Christmas tree. Klenzy Mission tree. Salvation Christmas tree. Pake Christmas tree —" She was counting it out on her fingers and evidently had four trees for which to prepare her offspring. The Lone Observer stopped her; she had gone off on the wrong track.

"What do you think about Christmas?" he asked, taking another tack. As the Sky Pilot smacked his lips at this juncture, she got the wrong idea of what the Lone Observer meant, and the Sky Pilot was reproved.

She knew the Lone Observer was trying to get at something, and made a wild guess as to its nature. Happening upon an idea, she took a sofa pillow—or it looked like one—and showed it to him. It had a quasi-flower pot and seven demons embroidered on it in abominable Chinese thread and was capped with a plain darned cotton legend of "Mery Christmas." The Lone Observer looked at it critically and calculated the date of the darned cotton, as it reminded him of the holes his mother used to darn.

"The Dust of Ages on your soul," he told her, "dates from August, 1871."

"No sabe," she said apologetically.

"No?" inquired the Lone Observer. "Neither do I."

"Is it not rather getting toward dinner time?" asked the Sky Pilot.

"The Dust on your soul," said the Lone Observer to him, "dates from the time of Adam. Let's go to that new tenement down on Mauna Kea street."

They went. An acquaintance of the Lone Observer was here also. He had just got married and his wife was fixing up a branch of a mokepod tree to look like a Christmas tree. The groom was asked why. "Look plitty," he said. "What else?" the Lone Observer asked. The newly-wedded Chinaman shook his head and smiled. "What does it stand for?" insisted the Lone Observer. "Because nailee down floor," said the pake.

The Lone Observer sat down in the corner and the Sky Pilot went outside to shake the Dust off his trousers. Upon being asked for an account of his marriage and showing a willingness to give it, the Lone Observer settled down to listen to him, and held out an cigar box to catch the Dust.

The man is a Buddhist, or a Brahminist, or something, but he decided that in his marriage he would cast off the shackles of his traditions and get married like the haoles. They always seem to have so much fun over it, he explained. His bride knew of a mission in Chinatown, and they went and were married there, with a Sunday-school class looking at them in wild-eyed wonder. Then he explained the old way. How the bride is veiled and turbaned and carried to the house of her husband on the back of a waiting woman, and how the husband-to-be has escaped from his friends and sought refuge in the city. How his friends go out and find him and the fuss he raises when they drag him back. How he takes a fan and swish-swashes at his bride's turban with it until he knocks it off and sees her for the first time. How he is as happy as a lark, but makes believe that he is going to torture.

"No like that way. Likee haole way better," finished up the happy man.

"Your soul," said the Lone Observer, "has been carefully Dusted."

Then the Lone Observer went back to his room and wrote in his notebook: "There was more Dust on Maeterlinck's soul than on anybody else's."

The Sky Pilot went to the Union Grill and ate two ducks and three-quarters of a pound of potatoes, besides the extras.

port lights out as danger signals, Honolulu is nightly picturesque, even if muddy and dusty.

But nobody but a Presbyterian pessimist can fail to find some good mixed with all evils. Tony Weller consoled himself on the decease of his wife with the reflection that at least the grim reaper always helped out the undertakers. And so may we comfort ourselves with the reflection that this everlasting activity at least assists politicians, the Standard Oil Company—which, by the way, never overlooks small things, and just now can not afford to—and the outfits which handle lanterns. So, particularly on this morning, let us not kick. It would do no good anyway.

MORE WORK FOR STUDENTS.

Should you not be possessed of the inclination, or be shy on leisure or wherewithal to make a trip to the Orient, by no means overlook the many opportunities afforded in Honolulu of having a cheap look at some of the things which would be told you in a sing-song voice by some hundred-dollar-a-month agent in charge of a personally-conducted tour. Sidelights will, from week to week, willingly and gratuitously be your guide. Seldom will she be able to make good on reasons and explanations, resembling in this respect publicists—I believe that is the proper term—and instructors; but always shall present in disputable facts, which might even come out ahead under the legal test of being established "beyond a reasonable doubt."

Have you a Chinese friend who has a cute little youngster—and I never saw one who was anything but cute—one month of age? Drop in on the father and mother in the afternoon. You will find on hand and will at once be invited to partake of a porker, looking, cooked, more handsome and inviting than he ever did or could alive. And you will find eggs, not like David Harum's but hard boiled beyond question. There will be slight differences as to size and shape, and probably marked distinction as to age. In color, however, there will be none. And will be a brilliant crimson or red. For at some place or other, and at some time or other, was it said that the size and the shape and the age of the eggs mattered not, but that the color was all important. And your pake friend the reason for the rule. His reply will probably be, "I am sorry; maybe all some Chinese style."